

J. W. Muller

ESTOTE FIDELIS

1952



Presented by
The 1952
Graduating Class
of the
St. Boniface
School of Nursing

PATRONS

DR. A. HOLLENBERG

DR. SHEEDY

DR. PASH

DR. JACQUES

DR. LUDWIG

DR. DUNCAN

DR. P. GREEN

DR. RADY

DR. BECKSTEAD

DR. MATAS

DR. MILLER

DR. GRAF

DR. BENNETT

DR. RICE

DR. McNULTY

DR. PINCOCK

DR. BURRELL

DR. BOURGOUIN

DR. GOLFMAN

DR. PIERCE

DR. HALKIEWICZ

DR. RABSON

MALL MEDICAL GROUP

DR. HUOT

DR. MINUK

DR. McKENTY

DR. FUNK

DR. DOYLE

DR. GOWRON

DR. RANOSKY

HOLLENBERG CLINIC

DR. RICE

DR. NORMANDEAU

DR. LAVOIE

DR. DAVIES

DR. HOWDEN

DR. McKAY

DR. KEENBERG

DR. DOWNEY

DR. LAW

DR. BACHYNSKI

DR. McNULTY

DR. BLAIR

DR. CRANE

DR. TASS

DR. BOURGOYNE

DR. BENNETT

DR. MacKINNON

DR. PEIKOFF

DR. GREENBERG

DR. VAISRUB

HONORARY ATTENDING STAFF

DEAN OF MEDICAL FACULTY:

Dr. L. G. Bell

HONORARY CONSULTANTS:

Dr. C. R. Rice—Gynecology
Dr. D. F. McIntyre—Surgery
Dr. J. P. Howden

MEDICINE:

Dr. D. S. McEwen
Dr. A. Hollenberg
Dr. L. R. Coke
Dr. J. L. Downey
Dr. P. Green
Dr. J. Matas
Dr. I. Miller
Dr. J. G. Pincock
Dr. S. Vaisrub
Dr. J. H. Martin
Dr. J. L. Beckstead

SUB-DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE:

Dr. G. A. Little—Psychiatry
Dr. R. H. McFarlane—Arthritis
Dr. S. D. Rusen
Dr. J. M. Huot—Physiology

PEDIATRICS:

Dr. J. Graf
Dr. G. H. Shapera
Dr. N. Book
Dr. H. L. Davies

UROLOGY:

Dr. J. J. Bourgouin
Dr. E. Stephenson

PATHOLOGY:

Dr. J. Prendergast
Dr. F. Burgoyne

PROCTOLOGY:

Dr. J. Bourgouin

VENEREAL DISEASE:

Dr. K. Backman

DERMATOLOGY:

Dr. G. Brock
Dr. K. Davidson
Dr. H. G. Hurst
Dr. S. Berger

ANAESTHESIA:

Dr. M. Bennett

NEURO-SURGERY:

Dr. H. Cameron
Dr. D. Parkinson

SURGERY:

Dr. C. E. Corrigan—Head
Dr. R. W. Richardson
Dr. A. C. Abbott
Dr. R. O. Burrell
Dr. A. T. Gowron
Dr. P. H. McNulty
Dr. T. E. Holland
Dr. S. S. Peikoff
Dr. L. R. Rabson

PLASTIC SURGERY:

Dr. E. W. Pickard

ORTHOPEDICS:

Dr. K. C. McGibbon
Dr. H. Funk
Dr. W. B. MacKinnon
Dr. C. Hollenberg

E.E.N.T.:

Dr. R. Ramsay
Dr. M. M. Pierce
Dr. J. S. McKenty
Dr. L. A. Pauls
Dr. G. Letienne

CHEST SURGERY:

Dr. A. C. Sinclair

RADIOLOGY:

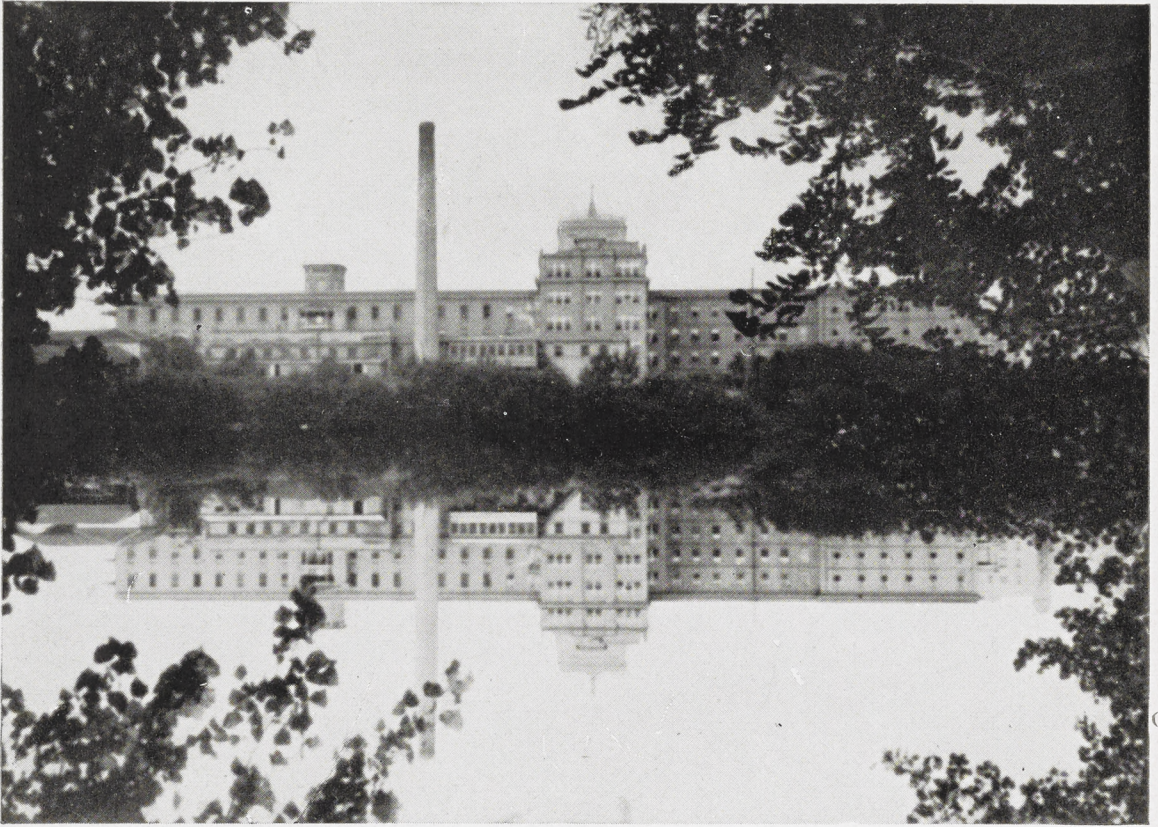
Dr. D. Wheeler—Director
Dr. J. W. Simpson—Asst.
Dr. F. G. Stuart—Asst.

GYNECOLOGY and OBSTETRICS:

Dr. W. F. Abbott
Dr. E. W. Stewart
Dr. M. Rady
Dr. H. Guyot
Dr. W. J. McCord
Dr. M. J. Ranosky
Dr. E. K. Vann
Dr. R. L. Howden
Dr. Sam Kobrinsky

DENTAL:

Dr. W. A. Weir
Dr. M. J. Averback
Dr. D. Black
Dr. T. J. Cooke



Dedication

WE, the Graduates of 1952, extend our thanks to our dear Parents and Sisters. We dedicate this Year Book to them who have encouraged and sacrificed for us so that we may reach our . . . GRADUATION DAY.



Dear Graduates of the 1952 Class:

IN "Hands to the Needy," Life Story of the foundress of the Grey Nuns, we read:

"Today, in a world so different from that of Mother d'Youville, a world which does not take easily to sacrifice, at an hour when men are beginning to see charity, and especially difficult charity, as less a personal and more a social obligation, I find especially timely this powerful and moving story of one of the great Catholic women of North America. I feel sure that in that life, love, and devotion the women of our day may find a model for imitation.

"I do not share the opinion of those who merely admire the glorious accomplishments of those religious and national heroes and heroines whose very names rightly inspire reverence; for I am persuaded that we must be sure that in this hour in which we live WE BRING A SIMILAR GREATNESS, AIDED BY THEIR INSPIRATION, TO THE PRESSING PROBLEMS OF OUR TIMES. Mother d'Youville, has a true claim to greatness because she answered so successfully, under God, a vibrant challenge of her times."

May each and every Graduate of the 1952 Class answer successfully the vibrant challenge of our times, bringing hope, peace and comfort to those suffering in soul and body throughout our war-torn world. With our congratulations, we assure you of our prayers for your success and happiness wherever you may be.

We look forward to your oft repeated visits to your Alma Mater.

Devotedly yours,

SISTER M. BERTHE DORAIS, s.g.m.,
Superior.

Members

of the

Graduating Class:



GRADUATION—the magic word in every student nurse's vocabulary—is about to become a reality for you. Many times in the past three years that word has lightened tedious tasks or made a dull moment bright.

Tomorrow you will face the world as a graduate professional nurse! You will no longer be able to give as alibi, 'I'm only a student nurse.' At hand will be the responsibility—yours and yours alone—of keeping up to date with the developments of medical science. At hand will be the need—known to you and not revealed by quizzes—or refreshing your memory of basic principles and of continuing to practice the niceties of nursing care you have learned. At hand will be the realization that the field of nursing is very wide, that it changes constantly and demands that you pick and choose your special interests and select the field where you can contribute most.

Tomorrow you will be "Professional Nursing." Whatever you do, wherever you go, often whatever you say will be taken to typify professional nursing. St. Boniface Hospital in conferring upon you its diploma and pin is entrusting to you the dearest thing it owns—its reputation. Guard it well for it is a treasure accumulated by the constant effort and sacrifice of all those who have gone before us.

Personally I am very interested in each one of you and wish you the success and happiness which you desire. The use of your talents and powers in the generous service of others will not dim their brilliance or leave you in want. On the contrary, you will receive by giving, you will learn by teaching, you will gain by thoughtful sacrifice. Success is never gained by selfishness. Not what one has, but what one gives, is the measure of achievement and enduring appreciation. The gratitude of the world and the special reward bestowed by God are ready for those who have improved themselves that they may have more to give in the service of others. Recognition may sometimes be slow and even late, but where true value exists, there is success. This is the success that I wish you.

Sincerely,

SISTER DELIA CLERMONT, s.g.m.



My Dear Graduates;

"Every profession carried out with God's blessing brings with it a mission, the mission of putting into practice within the profession itself, the teaching and intentions of the Creator and of aiding men to understand the justice and holiness of the Divine Plan and the good that comes to them from this plan carried out."

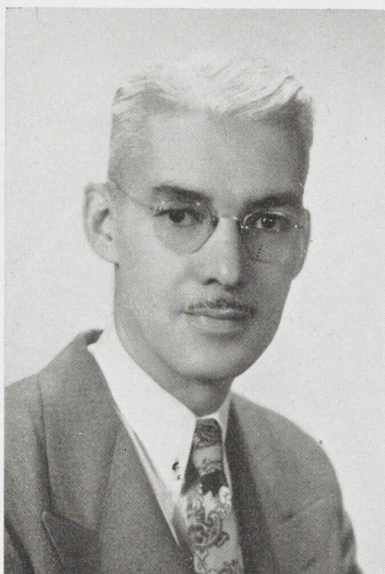
Those were the words of Pope Pius XII, when he addressed a Congress of women on Oct. 29, 1951. And I think they express wonderfully what you should keep in mind on your graduation day, and for the rest of your life as nurses.

Being engaged in this beautiful nursing profession, you have a special mission to carry out—"that of putting into practice the intentions of the Creator," by being competent nurses. God wants you to be, for yourselves and for others, outstanding nurses, who possessed all the social qualities and the knowledge required by your profession. He requires furthermore, that you carry out his teachings within the nursing profession itself, by being convinced of the necessity of personal holiness, which is an essential requirement together with social qualities and knowledge.

But your mission is not limited to yourselves alone. You are nurses to take care of others. You must, therefore, have "men to understand the justice and holiness of the Divine Plan and the good that comes to them from this plan carried out." You must understand your patients by your sympathetic attitude, and make them conscious of the usefulness of their sufferings by your delicate words of encouragement.

Today, you are receiving your diploma which is an authentic proof of your competence in carrying out the divine mission in your nursing profession. May I express to you all my sincere congratulations and may your shining example be an incentive to those who will follow you in the years to come.

REV. RAYMOND ROY.



Dear Graduates

IT is always a very happy privilege to offer congratulations to a graduating class. You have arrived, after much work and study to the goal which you have so earnestly desired for three years. I am certain that each one of you will well deserve all the good wishes you will receive on this joyful occasion.

You will undoubtedly experience, together with the exhilaration of graduating, the "sweet sorrow of parting." Friends and co-workers of three years cannot be left behind without a sense of loss.

I hope that many of you will continue to be St. Boniface nurses and that all will find happiness and contentment in their chosen profession. "Estote Fidelis" — Remain true to your training and to your ideals and your reward will be a fuller and happier life. Service to others is the secret of happiness.

My best wishes are with you on this graduation day.

PAUL L. HEUREUX.



To the Graduating Class of 1952

ONCE again I am privileged to convey congratulations to the graduating class of St. Boniface Hospital School of Nursing.

At one stage of your training, graduation looked like the culmination of all your efforts. It was the great achievement, the acme of learning, the peak of all your desires. By now, of course, you realize that graduation simply gives you the opportunity to be of more service to suffering humanity.

You will still study, not from compulsion or fear of examinations, but from a desire to keep abreast of the times. You will remain loyal to your school and hospital, because you will realize more and more as time goes on how much they have been responsible for your success. You will work efficiently and confidently because you know that your training has been of the highest order and built on a solid foundation in all essential subjects.

Your graduation coincides with a memorable landmark in the history of the Hospital. Probably the greatest hospital expansion program ever known in Western Canada is well underway. For the first time in over one hundred years the Grey Nuns of St. Boniface Hospital are allowing the public to help in the construction of what will become one of the most modern and best equipped hospitals on the continent. You will be proud to say, "I am a graduate of St. Boniface Hospital School of Nursing. I am an active worker in the alumnae."

Once again let me congratulate you, and wish you all the success and happiness in the future.

D. S. McEWEN, M.D.,
*Director of Medical Teaching,
Chief of the Medical Department.*



Message from Dr. Burrell

IT is a pleasure to congratulate the graduating class on behalf of the honorary attending staff. In the past decade the nursing education curriculum has become increasingly scientific and technical and is likely to become more so. The fields of specialization in nursing have greatly expanded. While this had made your training period difficult, your post-graduate opportunities are almost unlimited.

The hope that this pre-occupation with scientific fact and technical knowledge does not make you lose sight of the fact that the essence of good nursing is still kindness.

We say goodbye to you now as students, and greet you as welcome associates in our common effort in treating disease.

Keep your capacity for faith and belief, but let your judgment watch what you believe.

Keep your power to receive everything, only learn to select what your instinct tells you is right.

Keep your love of life, have no fear of death. Life must be loved or it is lost, but it should never be loved too well.

Keep your delight in friendship; only learn to know your friends.

Keep your intolerance, but save it only for what your heart tells you is bad.

Keep your heart hungry for new knowledge. Keep your hatred of a lie, and keep your power of indignation.

Sincerely,

RICHARD O. BURRELL.

Prayer

O God, Almighty Creator of the Universe, Who hast said by Thy Psalmist, "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that built it," bless this undertaking and grant that it may be accomplished for the glory of Thy Holy Name. Deign to direct our efforts, and to protect from harm all those who participate in this work.

May Thy Ever-Paternal Providence give us the means necessary to bring to a successful conclusion this building which is destined for the more efficacious care of the suffering members of Thy Divine Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in unity with the Holy Spirit, forever and forever, Amen.

A PROGRESS REPORT ON THE FUTURE EXTENSION OF ST. BONIFACE HOSPITAL

IT WAS with a keen sense of satisfaction that we saw the last pile being driven into the ground today, November 20th, and that we could announce to our patients in the South Wing that there would be no more noise or vibration. Preparations are now under way to cover these piles with huge cement caps, which will support the steel structures and columns of the building.

A successful test was recently made of one of these cement piles, the first of its kind ever used in Manitoba, and which has created much interest and curiosity among the Civil Engineers of the province. The test was made to assure hospital officials that the pile can carry the load designed for its new addition. The piles are tested to a load double that required, which in this case was 180 tons. Under this load the pile had an approximate settlement of $\frac{3}{16}$ of an inch, which is considered exceedingly good, due to the fact that a settlement of half an inch would have been satisfactory. The 180 tons had been carried by the pile for 24 hours, and the load was comprised of 390 rails 39 feet long weighing 100 lbs. to the yard. Plans for the building called for 357 piles, and the average depth driven from the excavation level was 38 feet.

The architects are working assiduously on the details of the plans, and as soon as Mother Earth thaws out in spring, we hope to see the foundations rise.

From the foregoing statement on the piles, one might conclude that our new addition will stand on a most firm and solid foundation; however, we find in the Sacred Writings (Psalm 126:1) that "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it," so for this reason the Sisters each morning collectively recite the following prayer, and here invite their friends to unite with them.

SISTER M. MANN, s.g.m.

The Graduating Class of 1952

ON behalf of the St. Boniface Nurses' Alumnae Association it is my privilege to extend sincere congratulations to you on the occasion of your graduation.

It is the sincere hope of the Alumnae Association that continued success may reward your efforts in the future and that you will find great satisfaction in whatever aspect or position of nursing you may choose.

Though your choice be diverse, we hope that many of you will remain in Manitoba to share with us the benefits you have derived from the three years of nursing education received at the St. Boniface School of Nursing.

May the generous spirit of charity which has characterized nursing in the past and which has been exemplified by your teachers in the Hospital, ever urge

(Continued on page 26)



S. Herriot, S. Lawson, K. Briggs, E. Cone, L. Kyle, D. Ostrander, M. Shearer, J. Darlington.
Missing: E. Houston, E. Tkaczuk, A. Gelinas, S. Bligh.

Year Book Staff

LOIS KYLE	Editor-in-chief
JOYCE DARLINGTON	Associate Editor
ALICE GELINAS	Business Manager
SHELAGH LAWSON	Advertising Manager
SHIRLEY BLIGH MARGARET SHEARER SHEILA HERRIOT	Humor
DIANE OSTRANDER	Sports
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EDITORIAL

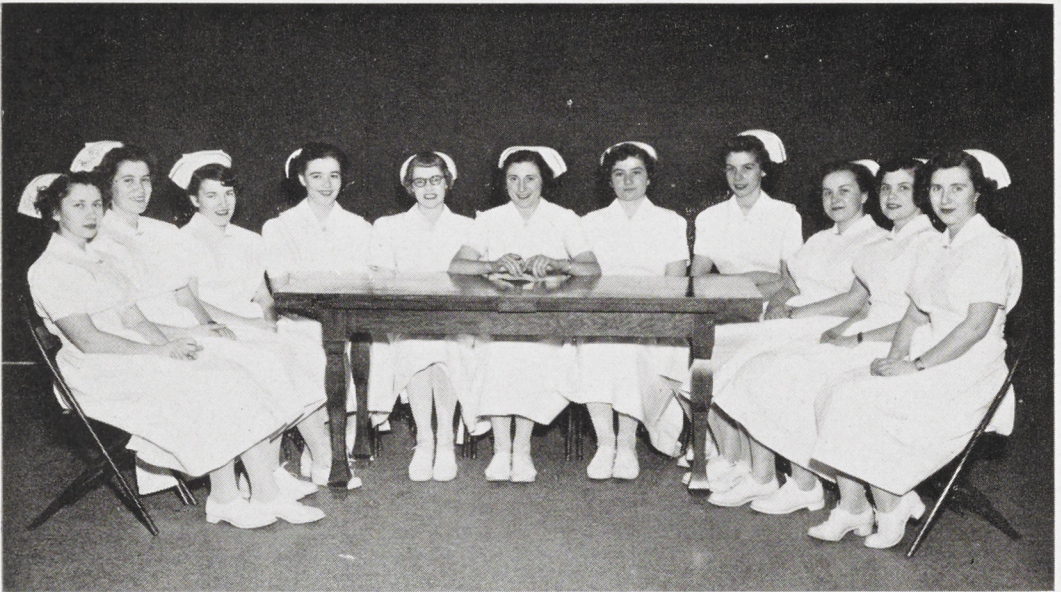
AS Graduation Day drew near we, the 1952 class, looked back over the past three years. The friendships made and never to be forgotten; the sad or the humorous incidents of no great consequence to anyone but ourselves; and these things became a dear and definite part of our memories.

Our training is now behind us, and we go out into the world with the assurance of our knowledge and our practical experience. But whatever may come to us in the future, our thoughts will often return to our Student Days.

We want to leave some remembrance to those who will be graduating in future years, so this then is our Year Book.

May I take this opportunity to express my most sincere thanks to all those who have contributed so generously of time and money towards the realization of this Year Book.

LOIS KYLE,
Editor.



K. Briggs, L. Kyle, T. McManus, E. Cone, M. Brabant, E. Wintonyk, H. Hildebrand, A. Smits, H. Zimmer, J. Kammermayer, F. Fleming. Missing: A. Gelinas.

Student Council

On behalf of the Student Council may I take this opportunity to extend congratulations to those who are about to graduate. To all the students, may we say "Thank you" for your wonderful support and co-operation.

We feel that we have had an eventful year, full of new ideas and social activities and successful, too, because of your participation and school spirit.

A special word of appreciation also goes out to Sr. Clermont, Sr. Trottier, Sr. Miller and all the members of the faculty who have guided us and taught us for more than that which we learned from our textbooks.

To those who will take our positions on the council next year, we wish you every measure of success in all your endeavors. We hope that you will derive as much pleasure from working on council as we have.

In conclusion, I ask that each and everyone of us will always uphold the high standards of our Alma Mater and that like our motto "Estote Fidelis," we too may be "Ever Faithful."

E. WINTONYK,
School President.

The Nurse

WHAT meaning has the word to you? Thanks to the educational qualities of the present day motion pictures the uninitiated depict nurses as the domineering heartless creature of the Snake Pit or as a glamorous woman laying cool hands on a fevered brow. Isn't that a beautiful thought? Laying cool hands on fevered brows. It is. But an ice bag conserves time and produces better results. And yet another picture is conjured up the starry-eyed teen-ager. To her the nurse is an angel in white ministering, in the midst of war's ravages, to the wounded and dying. And finally there are those who, as patients, have been intimately associated with nurses. These latter realize that nurses are, like themselves human beings, different only in that they appear to have an endless store of patience. Let me assure you, that for the most part, nurses are not endowed with this virtue. The learning of it is a long and painful process and each one has her own Achilles' heel which is usually exposed at least once, during the course of a busy day.

As has been mentioned before nurses are not super-human. They live, love, laugh, grumble and weep as do all other female creatures. Have you heard the phrase that nurses are hard-hearted? That statement is false. The nurse is as vulnerable to human suffering as anyone else. However she has learned, through bitter experience to control her emotions. During the first few months of hospital life the student nurse gazes, with horror and pity, upon the ever-shifting scenes of human sufferings. The pain and suffering of her patients, the tears and grief of bereaved relatives are very real to her. But to complete her training she must learn to control her emotions. It is to this end she builds up a defensive mechanism of seeming indifference. Break through this indifference and see the compassion with which the nurse views suffering.

What is nursing? Nursing is walking endless corridors, answering countless lights, attending to the humdrum necessities of the ill person, making numberless beds, rubbing hundreds of backs. Nursing is thrilling to the first lust cry of the new born, soothing the frightened child, alleviating pain, comforting the bereaved, watching the last flicker of life fade from a normal soul. Nursing is the hundred and one things that can be done for humanity. Nursing runs the gamut of life, from the deepest depths to the sublimest heights.

FACULTY MEMBERS



SR. M. TROTTIER



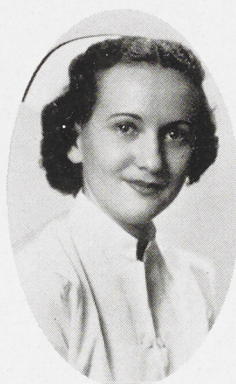
MISS V. WILLIAMS



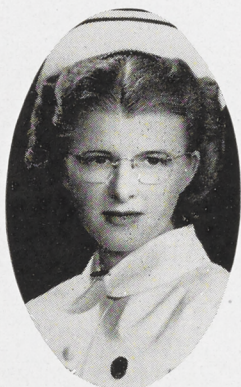
SR. MILLER



MRS. C. TOPOLINSKI



MISS CORNIAT



MRS. WEILER



MISS A. MERLEVEDE

Winners of Scholarships and Awards

MEDAL FOR GENERAL PROFICIENCY—

Presented by Dr. D. S. McEwen

Awarded to MISS HELEN HILDEBRAND

MEDAL FOR EXECUTIVE ABILITY—

Presented by Dr. P. L'Heureux

Awarded to MISS LENORA FARMER

MEDAL FOR HIGHEST STANDING IN THEORY—

Presented by Birks Ltd.

Awarded to MISS PHYLLIS KATCHINOSKI

MEDAL FOR BEDSIDE NURSING—

Presented by Dr. M. Rady

Awarded to MISS MARGARET SHEARER

THE ST. BONIFACE NURSES' ALUMNAE SCHOLARSHIP—

Awarded to MISS ALICE GÉLINAS

THE JUBILEE SCHOLARSHIP—

Awarded to MISS JACQUILINE PAGE



Instructors

SISTER MELINA TROTTIER, R.N., B.Sc. (C.U.A., Washington, D.C.) Instructor in Sciences.

GENEVIEVE CORNIAT, R.N., Post. Grad., N.Ed. (St. Louis U.), Instructor in Nursing Arts.

VERNA WILLIAMS, R.N., Certificate Teaching and Supervision (U. of Man.). Instructor in Surgical Nursing.

CATHARINE TOPOLINSKI, R.N., Teacher's Certificate, Post Grad. N.Ed. (St. Louis U.). Instructor in Medical Nursing.

HELEN LEMOINE, R.N., Post Grad. (Pediatrics). Instructor in Pediatric Nursing.

LUBA WAROWAY, B.S. in H.E., Dietitian (U. of Man.). Instructor in Dietetics.

HELENE WEILER, R.N., Bs.N. (Saskatoon U.). Instructor in Sciences.

ALICE MERLEVEDE, R.N., Certificate in Public Health Teaching (U. of Man.). School Health Nurse.

SISTER MILLER, House Mother.



Valedictory 1952

IT is always an honour to give a Valedictory Address, and today the happy privilege is mine. According to the noted Mr. Webster the word "Valedictory" means "bidding farewell" and the time has now come for us, as it has for others in the past, to bid farewell to our three years in training.

When we first entered the doors of St. Boniface Nurses' Residence, our three years stretched before us, in our imagination, like an endless trail strewn with roots and stones upon which our inexperienced feet might stumble. In spite of our qualms, day by day, step by step, with patient guidance and understanding from our Sisters and our instructresses, we have traversed that trail and now stand triumphant with our goal in sight. In our training we have learned not only technical and professional knowledge, but also some of the most important lessons of life—perseverance, tolerance, loyalty and patience. These characteristics will stand us in good stead in our place as citizens of this great country as well as in our nursing career. Through our studies we have come to realize our capabilities and our limitations. Within the walls of our residence and hospital we have grown up and now the extent to which we succeed will be determined by what we make of ourselves in the future.

Along this trail that we have been travelling we have gathered many happy memories. One outstanding event was our capping ceremony. It was then that we realized the need for self dedication and the nobility of our chosen profession. As we walked towards the lamp of Jeanne Mance, proud in our newly received caps, lit our lamp from hers, and stood together as one reciting the Jeanne Mance pledge, in every heart there was a silent vow to make good the words we were speaking.

Further along came new thrills—our blue band to mark the beginning of our second year, and then our yellow band for our third year; our footing became second year, and then our yellow band for our third year; our footing became more sure as we advanced along our trail. New studies brought new knowledge and new knowledge brought more confidence.

Our life in training has not all been serious. We have had our gay social gatherings, parties, concerts, banquets, and not the least of these was our Probie initiation where the Probies came to know their seniors better after polishing innumerable shoes and bowing low whenever a senior came in view.

(Continued on page 40)

Modesty

*Don't boast, my friend, because you have
By Nature, been endowed
With gifts that sometimes set you up
Above the milling crowd.*

*In modest silence, wend your way
Beside your fellow man
And utilize your talents rare
To help him all you can.*

*Remember, but for circumstance,
You might be dull as he
And to his future happiness,
Perhaps you hold the key.*

*So, as you travel onward through
This winding vale of tears,
Be sure to share your wondrous gifts;
Insure your future years,*

*For, just as certain as the sun,
Each good deed that you do,
Like bread upon the waters, will
Return, some day, to you.*

FREDERICK D. BREWER



PHYLLIS KATCHINOSKI
Winnipeg, Man.

To conquer the trials of life
And sweet and smiling continue,
In this, you truly suffice.
Our hearts and hopes are with you.

HAZEL HARVEY

Hazel's got what it really takes,
Whether it's navy or nurse,
A good one she makes.
We're mighty proud she's with us.



CATHARINE ADAIR
Stony Mountain, Man.

She hears the music,
She up and dances.
Never think she had a care,
That's our Cathy Adair.

WANDA BENNETT
Radville, Sask.

The youngest member of our class,
A better friend you'll never find.
A ready smile, a heart that's true,
That's our Wanda.



LOUISE DICK
Winnipeg, Man.

Steady and true,
Full of good cheer;
In studies always a clue —
What would we do without her here?

LENORA FARMER
East Kildonan, Man.

Full of grace and poise and tact,
Her charming personality's a fact.
Her patients, with comforts did fill,
Now we'll gladly share her with Bill.



PATRICIA HANNON

Patricia's our smiling coleen,
A friend on whom we can lean;
Often found asleep in class,
But what fun at the "Alex" with a late pass.

NANCY HAVERICK
St. Vital, Man.

She's joking, she's clowning,
Not studying, not frowning.
Joe's coming: she's getting ready;
She's one of those lucky ones with a steady.

CLAIRE JONASSON

Norwood, Man.

Our blonde gal with the latest style
And eyes, oh so blue.
Tell us your trick — how the men you
beguile
And all those brains, too!

MARY KOLISNYK

Renwer, Man.

Jolly old St. Nick
Ain't got nothin' on our Ness
She's ready with any stunt or trick
Training without her would have meant fun
much less.

MARY McPHAIL

Through the years we heard her say
"This time for sure I'm quitting!"
But it's hard to find a nurse more fitting.
And meeting Mary was our lucky day.

THERESA NESS

Jolly old St. Nick
Ain't got nothin' on our Ness.
She's ready with any stunt or trick,
Training without her would have meant
???? much less.

JACQUELINE PAGE

Norwood, Man.

Tiny, vivacious and pert,
The ways of nursing she's learnt.
Returning home to eat, we're seeing
Or else she's off to skiing.

NANCY ROE

St. James, Man.

Laughing eyes and smiling face,
A girl without one foe.
She'll put plenty of life in a place —
That's our Nancy Roe.

JULIETTIE ROUSSEAU

Fort Frances, Ont.

Engaged, petite and dark
On the doorstep, there they park.
Think it was just a lark?
Oh no, it's really got some spark.

AGNES THIO

Boissevain, Man.

Dancing eyes and lots of chatter
With life there's nothing the matter.
For she's his own true heart-throb —
He's sure a lucky guy, that Bob.





BERNICE VANDUSEN
Clearwater, Man.

She's yelling down the hall,
Answer, or she'll call and call.
Bea's a friend to one and all,
Working with her was best of all .



AUDREY ALLISON
Winnipeg, Man.

Her aristocratic looks
They talk about in books,
But when that smile of hers begins,
That's not the "book's" — that's Allison's.



MARJORIE ANDERSON
Boissevain, Man.

Our Marge is quite a girl,
Her social life keeps her awhirl;
A schedule we will have the make
To try and keep her dating straight.



JEAN ARMSTRONG
Norwood, Man.

And though no early robins sing,
Here's one authentic sign of spring.



DARLENE ARSENAULT
Fort Frances, Ont.

We think Fort Frances lost a dilly
When they loaned us this spry, young filly,
And though she says she'll return some day,
We're hoping like everything that here
she'll stay.



MARGARET BANMAN
Winkler, Man.

No matter how rough the path of life,
Margaret's smile will always be there;
She's much too busy helping others
To bother with sorrow or care.



JEAN BARBOUR
Balmoral, Man.

Although she can't make up her mind
A lovelier girl your never will find.



GRACE BETZ
Neepawa, Man.

There's a nurse on 3rd floor,
Curly hair, and what is more
Her hearty laugh, most of the while,
From the saddest person evokes a smile.

LILLIAN BOUTIN

Manor, Sask.

The lady known as Lil
Her faults, we find, are nil
Here is the nurse ideal
Whose kindly traits we'd like to steal.



MARY ANN BRABANT

Winnipeg, Man.

Oh, Mary Ann, as sweet as can be
You're perfect, and Perfect of our Sodality



KATHLEEN BRIGGS

Fort Frances, Ont.

She has no false pretenses,
As natural as they come;
She's always full of fun—
Everybody's chum.



DOROTHY CHAMBERS

Boissevain, Man.

Dorothy of Boissevain,
Pursued by all the local swain;
But only one fills her with joy
And that is her handsome "Farmer Boy."



JOAN COUTURE

Selkirk, Man.

From Selkirk town
Our Joan does come;
Quiet and reserved,
But full of fun.



IDA DUREAULT

Winnipeg, Man.

We thought of hypnosis
To keep her awake,
But conscious or not
We think Ida's great.



ISLAY FRASER

Winnipeg, Man.

She fools us all with her solemn look,
But when she plays a joke we all get
"took."

MARION GOWRON

Kelvington, Sask.

As cute as can be,
Comes up to your knee;
That's Marion Gowron,
From Kelvington.



ALICE GELINAS
St. Pierre, Man.

A post Graduate course, her future holds,
In eye and ear and throat and nose;
And if there is one who should succeed
That nurse is Alice we must concede.



MARTHA HEPNER
Mordon, Man.

Here's our Martha,
The red-headed one;
As full of mischief
As she is of fun.



HELEN HILDABRAND
Winkler, Man.

Hilda's the head of our House Committee,
She's jolly and she's kind;
As a nurse, a friend, a worker,
No better will you find.



RACHEAL HOBAN
Beausejour, Man.

The sun would hide its head,
The stars would leave the skies,
If they but saw the friendly light
That shines in Rachel's eyes.



PATRICIA KLUKE,
Benito, Man.

There was a girl called Pat
Who was neither thin nor fat,
She wanted to be
A Nurse, so you see
She came to St. B. and that's that.



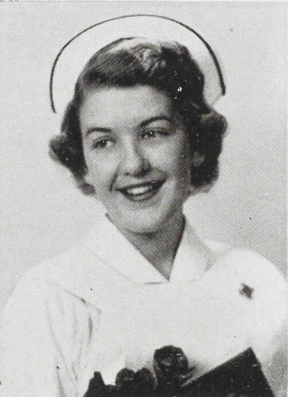
OLGA KUKURA
Hyas, Sask.

To future plans, Kukura's mum,
She won't tell them to anyone;
But no matter what path she will take,
The class of '52 think Olga's great.



LOIS KYLE
Fort Frances, Ont.

When she's around
There is no gloom;
So nice to see,
Young Love in bloom.



SHELAGH LAWSON
Winnipeg, Man.

From a Nursing line
Our Shelagh came.
To carry on the family name;
Storm and sunshine rolled in one,
Quick to object when wrong is done.

MAE LAXDAL
Arcola, Sask.

Those blue eyes we should ban,
The Mounties aren't the only ones
Who always get their man.

CHRISTIANE MASSERY
St. Boniface, Man.

At sports, in studies, a real bombshell,
Efficiency expert, does everything well;
Neatness, personified, friendly too
With flying colors she'll come through.

THERESA McMANUS
Winnipeg, Man.

She's the girl
With the natural curl,
Not too tall
And on the ball (ping pong).

LUCY NEUMEIER
Lagenburg, Sask.

"Her mirth the world required,
She bathed it in smiles of glee,"
As perfect a description of Lucy
As anyone will see.

BERYL NICHOLS
Beausejour, Man.

Our absent-minded professor,
She plans the world to roam;
But her North Star
Will always see her safely home.

DIANNE OSTRANDER
Norwood, Man.

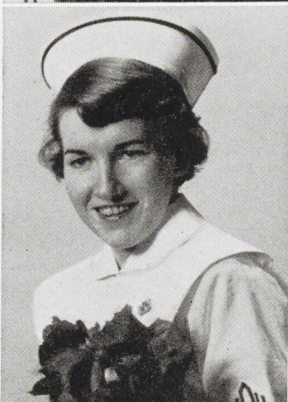
A letter a day
Keeps Diana gay,
But that ring on her finger
Means she will not linger.

CECILE PERREAULT
Fort Garry, Man.

She can parlez vous français,
Maybe that gives her her cute way;
But bilingual or not,
We like that red top.

EILEEN PRESTON
Pointe du Bois

Quiet and capable, that's Eileen,
She does her work and is always seen.
In the best of humor, she'll beguile
With her lovely dimples and contagious smile.





STEPHENIE PRYSTAI

Yorkton, Sask.

Noted for speed with the D.K. wagon
Look out people when Dolly's drivin',
We'd tell what she did,
But that would be 'braggin'

MARGARET SHEARER

Welwyn, Sask.

A doctor she desires to work for
Perhaps for 50 years or more,
Such devotion, can it be
Purely professional? — wait and see.

ANN VALASTIN

Broderick, Sask.

With an enthusiastic talk
And energetic walk,
More vim than an atomic blastin'
Has our Ann Valastin.

ETHEL WINTONYK

Dunleath, Sask.

Our president's work is never done,
But Ethel makes it sound like fun;
Always ready to do her part,
She's a girl with a generous heart.

JEAN THORIMBERT

(Picture missing)

This big girl, five foot one,
Could hold her own with anyone;
But she decided to have a rest,
So we wish Jeannie the very best.

(Continued from page 11)

you to maintain a standard of nursing service of which we as a profession may be justly proud.

Keeping in mind that the future belongs only to things that grow, we hope you have considered the many ways by which you may maintain and increase your status in nursing after graduation.

In order to assure yourselves of this, we invite you to become active members of your Alumnae Association. Thus, you will be stimulated to remain active in your profession and indirectly promote the interests of your School and the nursing profession as a whole.

Therefore we, the Alumnae, enlist the cooperation and support of all of the graduates of the St. Boniface School of Nursing in order that we may have a membership which will truly function as a bulwark to its members and the School.

However, regardless of where you may choose to use your talents and training the Alumnae wishes you, once again, a future filled with happy service and just rewards.

Sincerely,
HELEN A. OLIVER,
President, St. Boniface Nurses'
Alumnae Association, 1952.

The Sodality of the Blessed Virgin

THE sodality or "Children of Mary" is an organization formed to give special devotion to St. Mary. What greater favor can be conferred upon a group than the insistence upon devotion to Our Lady?

Our aim is and always will be, "Ad Jesum per Mariam" or "To Christ through Mary." There is no higher objective for the human soul than that of closest union with Christ and the fullest possible development of Christ-like qualities and characteristics. No one has so perfectly imitated the Savior or so perfectly carried out His work and served Him with unflagging devotion as did Mary.

Our sincere thanks go to Sister Trottier as our directress and to all the Sisters who so generously gave help and encouragement. We wish to thank all the sodalists for their very good will and co-operation during the year. May the new officers have a splendid year and may Mary bestow many graces on the sodality next year.

We sincerely hope that this organization has served to bring the sodalists a little closer to Christ as they walk with Mary the path of Catholic perfection and apostolic zeal.

MARY ANN BRABANT

M.S.N.A.

ANOTHER very busy year has passed. A year which has fulfilled some of our hopes and dreams; a year which has provided new hopes and dreams to be fulfilled.

The permanent institution of a monthly bulletin in our program and sent to every school in the province was received with much enthusiasm. It has done much to stimulate ever growing interest.

That dream of Summer Cottage for student nurses is on its way to becoming a reality. Plans are being made for a fund campaign, so when it appears, let's support it.

Things got underway with the October mass meeting, which found us hoping to roast weiners under a starry sky. Unfortunately, the wheather chased us indoors at the C. H. and we ended up square dancing and yah-hoo-ing in true wild west style.

Talent night at St. Boniface entertained us with songs, skits and recitations provided by the various hospitals.

Kolchin & Boxer supplied dream furs for the Fur Fashion Show at the W. G. H. in December.

January provided plenty of ice for our successful skating party. The Misericordia provided plenty of food in the form of hot soup, hot chocolate and doughnuts.

February found us at the Winter Whirl, dancing to the music of Irving Plumm at the Royal Alexandra.

In March a large number of student nurses enjoyed the four guest speakers—Miss E. Russell, who spoke on Public Health; Miss McGuinness, who spoke on T. C. A.; Miss Bauman, who spoke on the Nursing Service in the Armed Forces; and Miss Greville from Canada Packers, who spoke on Industrial Nursing.

This was followed by a Spring Tea at the W. G. H.

As well as the above activities, we welcomed another school to our association — The Brandon Mental Hospital. Also an Advisory Committee from the M.A.R.N. was formed. Once again a delegate is to be sent to the C.N.A. convention which is to be held in Quebec this year.

As you see, M.S.N.A. continues to grow. We have had a wonderful year — one in which the sense of unity and good fellowship has been strengthened and increased. "Ours is a great cause — one we must work for."

FREDA EASY.



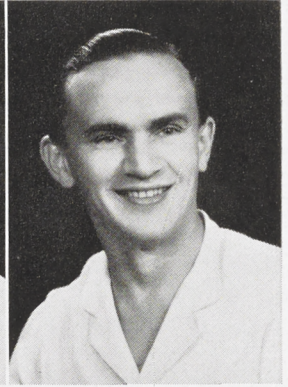
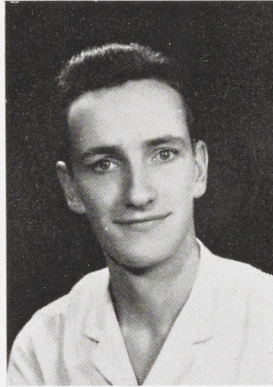
INTERNES' RESIDENCE

To Our Internes

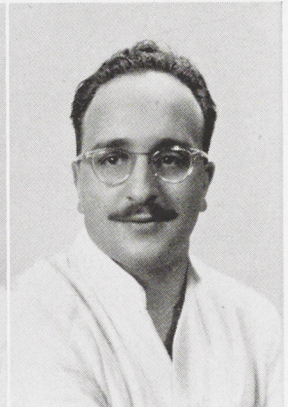
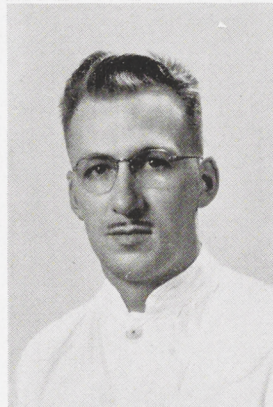
*Oh ambitious lads are our Internes keen,
That poureth over medical lore;
Of right choice food does each fill his "bean."
In his room so lone and cold;
Called up at night, when few lights are seen;
Cheery young lads are our Internes keen.*

SENIOR INTERNES

DR. SYMCHYCH — Now that he feels "Sir Richard" capable of handling some of his smaller surgery, he will have more time to teach the juniors.

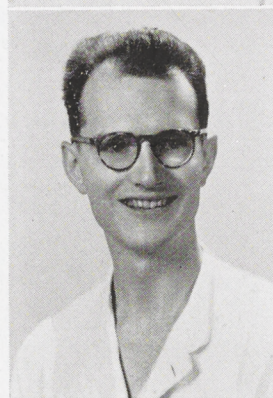


DR. STOLAR—"Committed to this institution for life."



DR. ACHESON—An accomplished gynecologist and obstetrician. There's more to this than meets the eye.

DR. ALBI—A'l bi here another year.



DR. MILLER—Keen, quiet and conservative — an adult in his infancy among infants in the adulthood.

JUNIOR INTERNES

DR. KALB—Works so hard, he has to take frequent rests on Tache.

DR. SOTOLOV—Gropes blindly about — unable to wear glasses due to rhinoplasty. Loves keeping for visitors on St. Anne's "A."

DR. SKINNER—Great sense of humor — a good all around guy.

DR. OLSEN—One of the two unique internes at S. B. H. — she's a female.

DR. McARDLE—The interne with the "Toni," and the winning smile.

DR. GREEN—Between keeping himself a bachelor and still acting as match-maker for his friends, he is kept quite busy.

DR. CHAMPAGNE—The ladies' man with the personality as sparkling as his name.

DR. LEVIN — A true genius — all through medicine, and he's only "e Levin."

DR. JOHNSON—A great big bundle of joy.

DRS. NANCY and MORLEY SIRETT—Both interested in pediatrics—Catherine and Bill to prove it.

DR. KOLISNECHENKO — Change of monarchy affects her very little. She's working for George.

DR. BLANKSTEIN — "The lean and slippered short-pantalon" — with an extensive vocabulary and an overwhelming love for Youville Ward.

DR. PETERKIN—After "five summers with the length of five long winters" his pale blue eyes take refuge behind the large bowl of his redolent pipe.

DR. ROSENBERG—He comes, a rose-in-bud, his duties to assume. He leaves us now — a rose-in-bloom.

DR. SECTOR — Looked after nurses during recent outbreak of "foot and mouth disease." Favorite pastime: Digging mass graves.

DR. WYLIE—Frequently seen to become over-enthusiastic in case-room.

DR. BARNES—Writing a thesis of applied psychology on how to get along with nurses.

DR. G. McDONALD—Favorite interne of S. B. H., despite self-claims to congenital idiocy.

DR. HARDIE—Seems quite and reserved in hospital, but fellow-internes say otherwise.

DR. THOMPSON—Displayed great intelligence by marrying a nurse.

DR. A. McDONALD—Though they call him "Axel," he's really a big wheel.

DR. GRACE—Believes in keeping medicine in the family.

DR. OSBERG — The blond boy who hails from the capital of Canada — (Fort Frances, that is.)

DR. CONNOR — Full of "Old Nick." Always gentle — never known to hit nurses. (So he says.)

DR. BRADLEY — Has won the reputation of being the noisiest interne around the place.

DR. PATTERSON—Play-boy of S.B.H. Favorite expression: "If you need me just call me."

DR. ADAMS — Easy-going gentleman who's found his "Eve."

DR. MURPHY—Was it you who put the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's chowder?

DR. SPROUL—The interne who thinks three months in sanitorium would be wonderful.



Nurses Residence

BELIEVE in what you are doing — in your house — in its policy and principles — become an inseparable part of your institution — get back of its purpose and look with optimism upon your unlimited field for your own endeavour — there your influence and efforts will be felt and you are sure to be rewarded.

JUNIOR YELLOW BANDS



Back row, left to right—D. Duggan, C. Maes, S. Husselby, A. Smits, A. Cockerill, J. McGavin.
 2nd row—A. O'Keefe, E. Cone, S. Peters, M. Gabrielle, J. Rodgers.
 Front row—G. Stewart, M. Campbell, J. Wright, J. Otori, T. Gabrielle, E. Haluke.
 Missing—S. Blight, B. Deshaye, N. Hryciw, A. Malatynska, L. Millette, V. Paren, C. Sewell,
 S. Thomson, J. Turenne.

EUNICE HALUKE:

Down yonder someone beckons to me
 Down yonder someone reckons on
 me.

ANNIE O'KEEFE: What happened in
 "Little Annie Roonie" the night be-
 fore the last exam?

JOAN MCGAVIN: "What is this thing
 called Love?"

LUCIENNE MILLETTE:
 Many a tear has to fall
 But it's all in the game.
 We threaten to quit
 But stay just the same.

VIVIAN PARENT: Got a big "Sunday"
 date with my everyday phone call.

BRIDGITTE DESHAYE: In case of
 emergency contact Bridgitte for
 quick ambulance service.

SHEILA HUSSELBY:

They phoned me to come to St. Louis
 I soon got a bill for the call
 When I got to St. Louis they
 Worked me so hard I could bawl.

JESSIE RODGERS: Turn back the
 hands of time. ("Did you say it's five
 to twelve again?")

NANCY HYRCIW: Mom, I love your
 apple pie and home cooking.

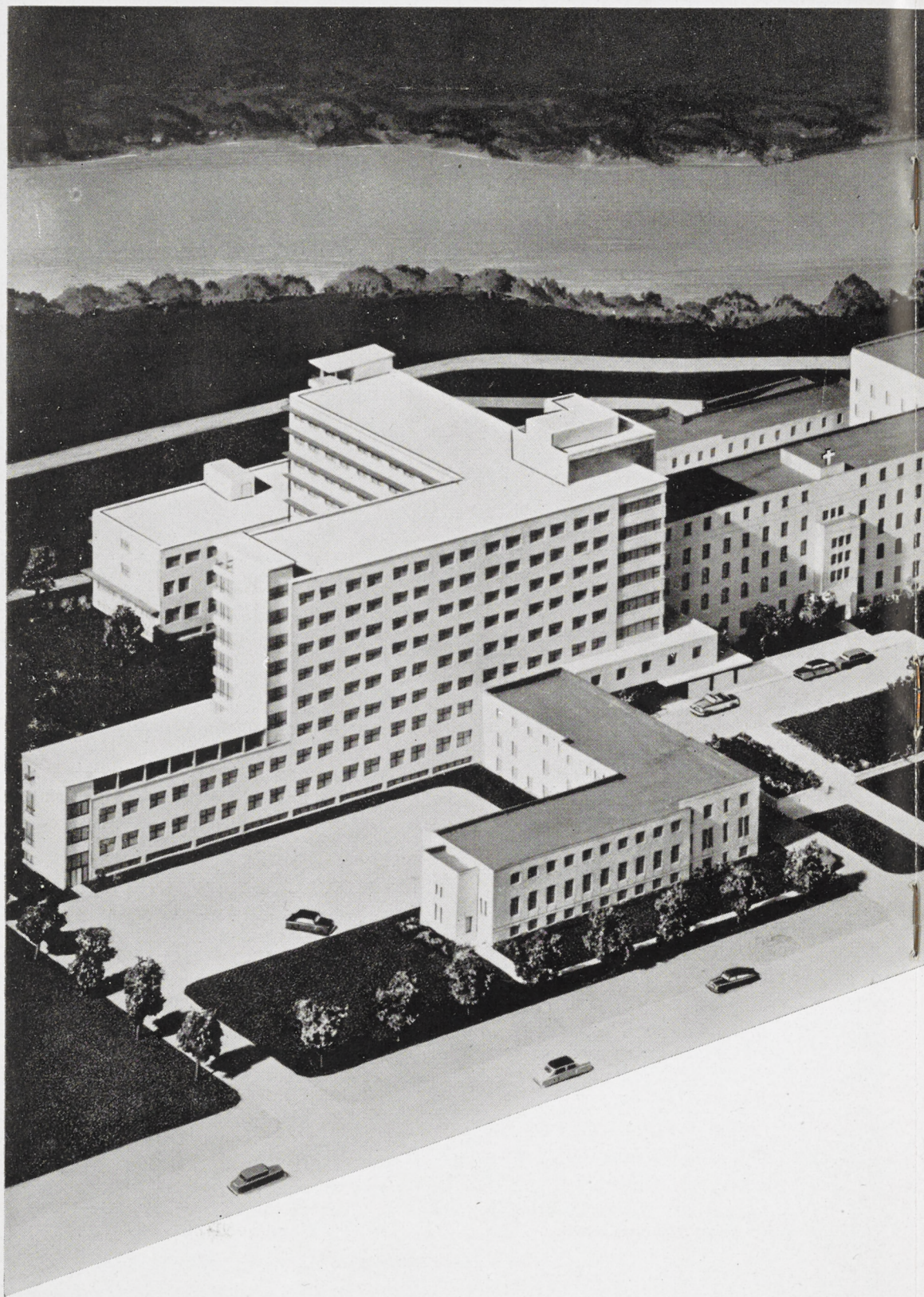
CLARISSE MAES: Oh, how I hate to
 get up in the morning.

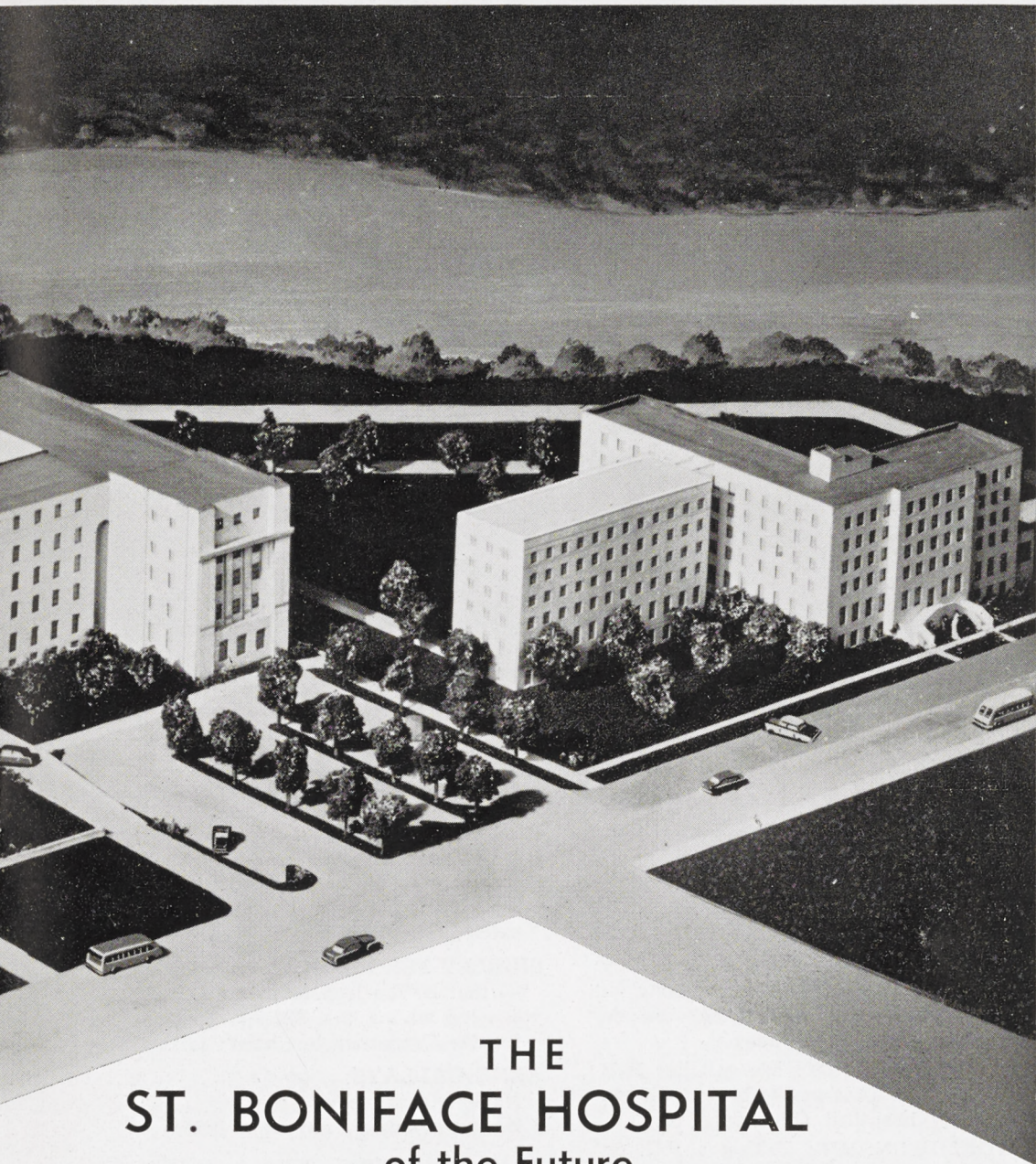
SARAH PETERS: "Did you ever hear
 about the time Sarah failed her
 exam."
 "No."

"Well, you never will."

SHIRLEY THOMSON: Did you know
 that a "motor cycle" is a modern
 "bicycle built for two"?

(Continued on page 47)





THE ST. BONIFACE HOSPITAL of the Future

Within approximately two years nurses will be working and training in the rebuilt and expanded St. Boniface Hospital pictured above. Light roofs indicate the sections to be built.

The new hospital will have a capacity of 671 beds and 78 bassinets. All departments will be enlarged and re-located. Modern improvements will include air-conditioning, the piping of oxygen to every room from a central storage, post operative recovery rooms, television viewing rooms for class work reception of operations, demonstrations, etc.

The old North Wing of the hospital is to be demolished. It is not shown in this photograph. A new South Wing is to be added to the Nurses' Residence. It will have accommodation for 100 more students.

A major drive is now underway to raise \$2 million. The total cost of the new hospital will be approximately 5½ millions.

SENIOR BLUE BANDS



Back row, left to right—M. Monette, M. Nightingale, J. Kammermayer, R. Whylie, M. Saunders, S. Herriot, L. Tessier, S. Ferguson, M. Symons.
 2nd row—A. Desnomie, A. Gallays, A. DeRoo, C. Sfreddo, F. Picgersgill, D. M. Lindberg, T. Dubreuil, B. Harmer, D. Mackintosh.
 1st row—J. Labelle, M. Kehler, A. Soyka, T. Chapman, A. Brown, I. Pawloski, A. Dutka.
 Missing—J. Ames, E. Brandt, J. Harburn, H. Heinsohn, E. Houston, I. Lindquist, M. McLellan, J. Palud, M. Pereux, S. Smithson, S. Winnik.

*The cards are many, the brains are few,
 The muscles are plenty because of
 stew,*

*Carefree girls with laughter free,
 Here is the class of 53-B.*

JO AMES: A tall and slender girl by nature — takes FeSO_4 regularly — but we think “engineering” can do more to strengthen Joey.

EVELYN BRANDT: We call her B-B for short. That means brainy, blonde and beautiful (blue eyes, to).

TONI DESNOMIE: Taking a P.G. on Sacred Heart — best darn urologist there. Plans on teaching Dr. Bourgouin how to drain a catheter.

TERRY DUBREIUL: “It’s spelt EIUL, and can’t you pronounce it with an R that’s rolled” — she still can’t convince Dr. Sotolov she has a sister.

ANNE DUTKA: Usually seen looking for a footstool. Overheard saying, “Bend over, Eddy, I can’t hear you.”

ALMA DEROO: “That was not the wind, it was whizzing DeRoo.” She’ll never have to worry about galloping consumption as it couldn’t even catch her.

SHIRLEY FERGUSON: A born leader — that is, she lead us to the O.R. If you need advice, ask Shirl — providing the Transcona bus hasn’t left.

ANNE GALLAYS:
 Never a care, never a worry,
 Happy-go-lucky, not in a hurry.

JOAN HARBURN: “We beliece in keeping up the morale of servicemen, don’t you?” Frequently overheard taking PinkY’s phone call.

BARBARA HARMER: Specializes in men with green fedoras — has a weird sense of humor — more humor than sense and firmly believes ward reports are the bunk.

(Continued on page 46)

JUNIOR BLUE BANDS



Back row, left to right—F. McKay, H. Carnegie, H. Alarie, M. Nicholson, A. Weiler, I. Ilchena, D. MacInnes, I. Herda.
 2nd row—J. Darlington, C. Suarez, J. Englot, S. Powell, L. Besel, M. Kowaluk, G. Leroeye, H. Zimmer.
 Front row—C. Legros, D. Pokrant, T. Dauphinais, A. Lafreniere, E. Shaw, F. Fleming, V. Devins, J. Lamoureux.
 Missing—B. Harper, L. Krueger, S. Petrie, E. Thaczuk.

HYPOCHONDRIACS INCORPORATED: Anything we ain't got, ain't worth having.

HELENE ALARIE—Acute chrysalis of personality.

ELEANOR ALLEN—Infectious laugh.

LORINE BESEL—Advised a craniotomy for her sliver neurosis.

HAZEL CARNEGIE—Absence of Morro's Reflex.

JOYCE DARLINGTON—Internal distress.

TERRY DAUPHINAIS—Overdose of NO₂ (giggle gas) every morning.

VALARIE DEVINS—Chronic Souritis.

JO ENGLOT—Acute scrubitis corporis.

FREDA FEMING—Infectious overdose of Devins.

BARBARA HARPER—Could Selkirk cure her, Dr. Parkinson?

IRENE HERDA—Snickerosis with complications.

IRENE ILCHENA—A throw-back, so healthy it hurts.

MYRTLE KOWALUK—Our favorite pill pusher and bed-pan pullitis.

LINDA KRUEGER—Microcorporis.

ALICE LAFRENIERE—Apathy occurring daily at 4.00 p.m.

JEANNE LAMOUREUX—Classic sleepiness.

CORRINE LEGROS—Thyroid deficiency.

JILL LEROEYE—Cardiac complications.

FLORA MCKAY—Her diagnosis escaped even Dr. McEwen and Miss Merlevede.

DOREEN MCINNES—Chronic Hermanitis.

(Continued on page 41)

CAP NURSES



Back row, left to right—R. Gauronski, L. Nairne, J. Lenhardt, J. Preboy, J. Nicholas, C. Regnier, J. Gillespie.
 2nd row—N. Gould, I. Gabriel, L. Smits, G. Lecuyer, M. Wiens, M. Orriss, W. Dziver, S. Cooper.
 Front row—K. Favelle, W. Clee, I. Kohnen, E. Abramoff, E. Bauman, A. Toupin, F. DeBrincat, S. Simmonds.
 Missing—Sr. Bernadette Poirer, Sr. Therese Castonguay, M. Badre, A. Campbell, P. Chokan, A. Daziad, P. Fleming, M. Smith, B. Verheul, I. Wendel.

ESTHER ABRAMOFF — Homework —
 Can it be Nursing Arts?
 ANNABELL CAMPBELL — Lost in a
 Dream—of Teulon?
 MARY BADRE—Slow Poke—but not
 at the piano.
 ELAINE BAUMAN—Good Rockin To-
 night—in the nursery.
 PHYLLIS CHOKAN—Smoke Gets in
 Your Eyes.
 WANDA CLEE—Dark Eles.
 SHIRLEY COOPER—Smilin' Through.
 FRANCES DeBRINCAT—What'll I Do.
 ANNE DZIAD — With a Song in My
 Heart.
 WANDA DZIVER — Saturday Night
 Fish—Fry—or was it Friday noon?
 KATHLEEN FAVELLE — My Destiny
 —who knows?
 PATRICIA FLEMING—With My Eyes
 Wide Open I'm Dreaming.
 DORIS FORTIN—Five Foot Two, Eyes
 of Blue.

ISABEL GABRIEL — Blue Skies —
 whenever Isabel's around.
 ROSE GAURONSKI — Rose, Rose, I
 Love You.
 JEAN GILLESPIE—I Dream of Jeanie
 With the Light Brown Hair.
 NORMA GOULD — These Foolish
 Things — been shopping again,
 Norma?
 IRENE HOFFMAN—Harbour Lights —
 How Soon?
 IRIS KOHNEN — My Old Jalopy's a
 Cadillac—But aren't they all Cadil-
 lacs?
 GRACE LECUYER — Powder Your
 Face With Sunshine.
 J. LENHARDT—I Just Gotta Get Out
 of the Habit.
 LOIS NAIRNE—I Get Ideas.
 VERA NEUFELD—My Desire—To be
 a Grad of '54.
 (Continued on page 43)

PROBATIONERS



Back row, left to right—E. Raymond, J. Seamen, M. Duncan, P. Cole, A. Slavin, M. Urquhart, S. Hanson, G. Molund, D. Sawyer, H. Magnusson, A. Haras, L. Peters.
2nd row—D. Larson, V. Dyck, M. Gordon, J. Perault, J. Preece, R. Rea, D. Cross, S. McGowan, T. Prymak, P. McKenzie, E. Jacyk.
Front row—G. Wilson, H. Mailhot, N. Pearlman, R. LaFrance, B. Little, A. Pauls, M. Thorsteinson, M. Janzen, A. Whitefield, K. Krul.

PAT COLE: St. Patrick's gift to S.B.H.

DOROTHY CROSS: Can always be found either inciting a riot on second floor or discussing the people "back home" with Mrs. Wieler.

VALENTINE DYCK: "Mrs. Wieler, is it a fact . . .?"

MARGARET DUNCAN: This gal's lament five minutes before an exam is "Oh you kids, I don't know a thing."

MADELAINE GORDON: Looked upon as a genius because she can write an Anatomy exam in half the required time.

ANN HARAS: If you're ever in doubt, ask Ann. The only one in our class who ever reads a textbook.

MAGGIE JANSON: Our "Pink Lady"—à la iron pills!

EILEEN JACYK: "My hair . . . Slavin, what have you done to it?"

KATHLEEN KRUL: Look what the flood brought in.

RENEE LAFRANCE: Our "top knot" girl.

BETTY LITTLE: "I don't think we'll ever get those caps."

HELGA MAGNUSSON: Owner of the doubtful distinction of being the only person we know who finds teeth in her shoes.

HENRIETTE MILLETTE: Betty Little's partner in crime. Has good intentions but never quite seems to get around to studying.

SHIRLEY MCGOWAN: Better known as "McGoon." Favorite expression . . . "Hold it Newt."

SHEILA HANSON: Taffy-haired, blue-eyed cutie.

JOYCE SEAMAN: Always in a dither. "I was so flustered, I lost my head."

ANNA PAULS: Our candidate for "Miss Perfect Nurse."

PETERS: This quiet miss is noted for her friendly smile.

JEANNE PERAULT: Saskatchewan's loss is St. Boniface's gain.

NONI PEARLMAN: "Miss Personality" . . . has a joke for every occasion.

(Continued on page 45)

Valedictory 1952

(Continued from page 18)

Living together we have been like a large family, helping our neighbours in the small things of every day life and sharing in their joys and sorrows. But, today, we stand ready to graduate, eager and willing to take a place in one of the numerous fields open to us as nurses. We know that we must eventually say a fond farewell to our life in St. Boniface nurses' residence, but we look forward to the future with high hopes and higher ideals.

We have so many to thank for making our training possible. Our first and deepest thanks goes to our parents. They have had to forego many personal pleasures in order that we might reach our goal. We have been thoughtlessly taking this for granted but on looking back we realize and appreciate their efforts, their love and their trust.

Our second and sincerest thanks goes to Sister Clermont and her assistants who have through their tireless efforts made life in residence a home away from home. We have at times also taken this for granted but we want them to know that the memory of their patience and understanding will always be cherished.

We look upon our instructress with awe, wondering how they could take us as blundering probationers, and mold us into the graduates of today, by carefully adding knowledge, piece by piece. May the finished product be a credit to them.

To the other Reverend Sisters, to the Doctors and to the graduates may we express our gratitude for the willing aid they were always ready to give us. We hope the future will find us living up to the fine example they so capably set before us.

We say, "farewell," wishing each other success for the future. Although we must part from friends whose faces have become so familiar and so dear to us in our association with them in the past three years, we know that friendships formed here will live on — and now as our trail comes to an end and branches into the wider roads of life, let us always remember and carry out our school motto, "Estote Fideles" — Ever Faithful.

GOOD ADVICE

A young medico was asking an experienced doctor for some advice before starting his own practice. When he asked what to do with neurotic women who would be sure to come, the old man told him what he did in such cases.

"I listen to all they have to say and then gently pat their hands. Then I give them a large bottle of rather nasty tasting medicine, although I cannot guarantee the medicinal value of it. I tell them to take it regularly every day and send them on their way after charging a nice fee. When the medicine is finished I tell them to come back and see me and bring a specimen in the bottle. That way it is all gain and no loss, because I then get my bottle back."

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

- Why 6 a.m. comes so early?
- Why we can't have three days a week off?
- Why patients are admitted at 6:55 p.m.?
- Why some people can't keep their business to themselves and let other people look after theirs?
- Why mattresses absorb more than the patients?
- Why nurses are always hungry?

A PROBIE'S IDEA OF A SENIOR

A senior stood upon a railway track
A train came roaring past,
The train got off the railway track
To let the Senior pass.

Junior Blue Bands

(Continued from page 37)

MARG NICHOLSON—Ganglion, according to Uncle Henry.

SHIRLEY PETRIE—Brain strain and partyitis.

DOROTHY POKRANT—Chronic lazyitis and slow-pokosis.

SUSAN POWELL—Hangnails—what is chronic chloremia?

EVELYN SHAW—Ptomaine poisoning from the D.K.

CONNIE SUAREZ—Serious case of advanced classical questionitis.

ELSIE TKACZUK—Menitis.

ANNE WIELER—Underdeveloped due to tympanitis.

HILDA ZIMMER—Won strung halthy nors.

L'ENVOIE

(with apologies)

*When earth's last microbe has fainted,
When catgut lies twisted and dry;
When all fascinating has ended
And the youngest patient has died.
We shall sleep, and faith! we shall
need it,*

*Lie down for an aeon or two
Till the Master of all good nurses
Shall call us to work anew.*

*And we who are cross shall be happy,
Have plenty of sunshine and air;
Use all the gauze that is needed,
With no one to watch or to care.
We shall have real saints to work on,
Magdalene, Peter and Paul;
Who shall sleep all night without hypos
And have no hysterics at all.*

*And only the Master shall praise us
And only the Master shall blame,
And no one shall work for money
And no one shall work for gain.
But each in the joy of the working
And each in her separate star
Shall see the divine in her patients
And love them just as they are.*

ST. BONIFACE HOSPITAL HIT PARADE

Annex—Crazy Rhythm.

Obs.—My Resistance is Low

O. P. D.—Till We Meet Again.

Tache—It's So Nice to Have a Man
Around the House.

O. R.—Body and Soul.

D. K.—Shoo Fly Pie and Apple Pan
Dowdy.

Langevin—Ma, He's Making Eyes At
Me.

Youville—Lady Be God.

Nursery—There's Be Some Changes
Made.

Joan of Arc—Old Rocking Chair's Got
Me.

St. Mary's—When I Lost My Baby.

St. Joseph's—You Don't Have To Know
the Language.

St. Louis—Cry.

Normant—Dry Bones.

Case Room—It's All In the Game.

Sacred Heart—Cool, Clear Water.

Casualty—3:00 o'Clock in the Morning.

St. Anne A and B—I'll Never Be Free.

BONERS FOUND ON SOME OF THE STUDENTS' PAPERS

1. Pleura is fluid contained in the plural cavity.
2. The opening from the stomach to the intestines is guarded by the pyloric stenosis.
3. Sterilization is the hot method of killing bacteria.
4. For an abdominal operation, prepare the patient from the axilla to the ankle.
5. If paralysis sets in, keep the affected limb at rest.
6. The larynx is the organ of profanation.
7. Laminectomy is a caesarian section of a sheep.
8. In care of heart cases the patient should live a quiet and seduced life.
9. Nurses should wear a mask when caring for a case of diphteria. If breath is bad he should wear a mask also.





"He asked if I thought I could ever learn to care for him. I don't know if he was proposing or complaining about my work."

(Continued from page 38)

JOYCE NICHOLAS—Night and Day—
in the dressing room.

MARY ORRISS—The Things We Did
Last Summer.

JEANETTE PREBOY — When It's
Springtime in the Rockies.

CARMEL REGNIER—Bewildered.

MAY ROWAN—I'll Get By—As long as
the patients co-operate.

JEAN SAMSON—Don't Cry, Joe,

SADIE SIMONDS—Home, Sweet
Home.

MARJORIE SMITH — So Tired — But
still lots of fun.

LEONA SMITS — Sleepy Lagoon — in
class.

ANITA TOUPIN—Looka There, Ain't
She Pretty.

BETTY VERHEUL—Movie Tonight.

IRENE WENDEL—Goodnight, Irene —
Lights out at 12:20.

MARY WIENS—I Like the Sunshine of
Your Smile.

Sports Review

This year of 1951-52 as far as athletic activities at S.B.H. are concerned, is now one of fond memories for all those students who participated in the various sports. Due to the different shifts and the nurses having to work, it was hard to organize any definite plan for the sports activities, but, nevertheless, whatever game was played, there was keen competition, clean sportsmanship and fun for all. It does something to you to see rivals in the realm of sport competing against one another, then walking away laughing with each other, friends as before.

Tennis, this year as in the past, played one of the most important parts in our sports activities at S.B.H. In the early part of the summer, the nurses were seen playing on the Interne's court, but later, when the new court was built in its old location behind the Nurses' Residence, at any hour of the day, a pair of weary girls could be seen swinging the tennis-racket. This sport is very popular among the nurses and one which will never be lost.

Early in the fall, Baseball became the interest of our sports enthusiasts. Although there were no organized teams, our girls challenged the Internes. Who won this game is still a puzzle, but we all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves!

Basketball started off with a bang and even though the sport was short-lived, for several weeks the interested nurses enjoyed the once a week game, held at Nordale School. Again there were no organized teams, but those who participated found it very enjoyable—despite the bruises and sore limbs which developed the following day. I hope next year the girls will take more interest in Basketball, because it really is a wonderful game.

This winter the nurses were given the opportunity to join the Viking Ski Club at a very reasonable membership fee. Many girls joined but only a few enthusiasts enjoyed skiing on the slopes of the Seine River, which provided a wonderful spot for such sport. Of

course, the weatherman didn't help the situation to any degree, because this winter we had very little snow. Maybe next season will provide us with more profitable surroundings for this field of sport.

The Ping-Pong table in the rec. hall was the scene of many a joyous game. This spring our Sports Committee sponsored a tournament, which provided a great deal of keen competition. It took several weeks to complete this schedule, but eventually the winner was proclaimed—Congratulations!

Skating, swimming and roller-skating also provided the nurses many an enjoyable outing. This past year was a successful season for all those who are concerned with sports activities. Best of luck to the new Sports Committee of 1952-53.

DIANE OSTRANDER.

* * *

Where can a man buy a cap for his
knee
Or a key for a lock of his hair?
Can your eyes be called an academy
Because there are pupils there?
In the crown of your head
What jewels can be found?
Who crosses the bridge of your nose?
Could you use in shingling the roof of
your mouth,
The nails on the ends of your toes?
Could the crook in your elbow be sent
to jail?
How can you sharpen your shoulder
blades?
Could you sit in the shade of the palm
of your hand?
Or beat on the drum in your ear?
Does the calf of your leg eat the corn
on your toe?
Then why grow corn on the ear?

* * *

The patient was fearful. "I suppose," he said with a shudder, "That the operation is going to be dangerous."

"Don't be foolish," assured the doctor. "You couldn't buy a dangerous operation for 35 dollars."



(Continued from page 39)

JOANE PREECE: This attractive gal is our 5' 7" bundle of T.N.T.

PAT McKENZIE: For the past four months Pat has been vainly trying to gain some weight . . . with no success.

GRETA MOLUND: Lover of good music . . . New York bound. What goes on in that parlor room, Moe?

TEENY PRYMACK: "I'll have to get around to studying one of these days."

EVELYN RAYMOND: Thanks to Ev., Room 240 is a model of cleanliness . . . on the days there's room inspection, that is.

ROSEMARY REA: This tall, hazel-eyed beauty is a girl of many talents. She not only is an expert at raising whoopee but she also excels in sports.

DELLA SAWYER: Our real pal because she laughs at all our jokes.

DORIS DARSON: Doesn't make much noise but you know what they say about still waters.

GAYELINE WILSON: Has "just about died laughing" on the average of once a day for the past four months. Gay's as cute as a bug's ear and just about as big.

ARVA WHITFIELD: Miss Optimistic of 1952. Doesn't anything annoy this gal?

MARGARET URQUHART: Our southern belle from the deep, deep south.

MARLENE THORSTEINSON: Hails from Selkirk . . . seems to have trouble hanging on to her books in class.

ANNE SLAVIN: Has a new brush-cut —it'll look more wonderful under a cap.

SENIOR BLUE BANDS
(Continued from page 36)

HELEN HEINSOHN: Often caught wondering what the weather is like down south — overheard saying, "And there were shrimps served on silver platters . . ."

SHEILA HERRIOT: Could be she's interested in the Blue Bombers — she loves 'em big and brutey.

ESTHER HOUSTON: With all her energy, we rate her "fire-ball" — frequently heard trying to explain to the day nurses, "But, girls, the cases always come off at six-thirty."

JOAN KAMMERMAYER: "But this Hank is not the Yodelling Ranger." When the blue coupe leaves, you know Joan's out.

MARGARET KEHLER: One girl who really believes in hitting the nail on the head—frequently heard asking, "Dr. Burrell, would you explain that to me?"

JEANNETTE LABELLE: That is not a horse laughing—it's lovable laughing Labelle around the corner.

DORA MAY LINDBERG: Forever heard saying, "No thanks, I don't smoke." — Never can seem to get those eternal letters written.

INEZ LINDQUIST: Ichabod Crane of 53-B. "But Dr. Jacques, I've gloved doctors before."

DONNA MACKINTOSH: "No, Miss Corniat, I was not sleeping." Believes that to keep the sun shining you need a few Rays.

MONIQUE MONETTE: With her guitar-playing she could possible go a long way with Les Paul and Mary Ford.

BETTY McLELLAN: We call her "Laughing Gus" for short. Advises you never to trust your heart to the navy.

MARIA NIGHTINGALE: Has the voice of a nightingale and the efficiency of our friend Flo.

JEANNETTE PALUD: Loves to walk home on her hours off—could it be she's interested in philosophy?

IRIS PAWLOSKI: That man with the moustache in the corner is not holding up the place — Iris just has a caller.

FRANCES PICKERSGILL: "Peenky, how are you?" Favorite expression—"I did not pick him up—we're old friends—met him an hour ago."

MARGARET SAUNDERS: Biggest muscles in Residence from pushing D.K. carts. Usually seen rushing home for supper — says she likes home-cooking.

MAUREEN SYMONDS: If your hearing is 100% you can pretty well interpret the Queen's English. Still here despite all the packed suit-cases.

CONNIE SFREDDO: Are you tired of plain colds, aches and pains? Try otitis media for a change—you'll find her heart is "south of the border."

SHIRLEY SMITHSON: Known to some as "Poker-Face" — actually it squeals if you pinch it. Forever seen with fellow-conspirators stacking away calories at Tommy's.

LOUISE TESSIER: This girl insists we need a dietitian for nurses — can't understand where all the calories come from—knows darn well where they go though.

RAE WYLIE: Rarely seen coming or going. Fascinated everyone with her collection of ear-rings.

STELLA WINNIK: A girl who must believe that idle hands are the devil's workshop — here is one ambitious soul.

Preliminary to a minor operation, the doctor had given narcotics to a woman patient. The "dope" made the woman talk silly, so the doctor scolded her mildly: "You're absolutely silly," he said.

"Well," mumbled the patient, "you're ugly."

"I said," repeated the M.D., "you're absolutely silly. You're sillier than I am ugly."

"Yes," agreed the woman, "but tomorrow I'll be normal."

Junior Yellow Bands
(Continued from page 33)

DOREEN DUGGAN: Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and S-M-I-L-E.

ELAINE CONE:

Our class poet, and we know it
Her feet show it — they're "Long-fellows."

CAROL SEWELL:

Five to three—nearly classtime
Carol is still knitting, it's her pas-time.

MARGUERITE GABRIELLE:

There is soda, pop, and dancing is free.

If you wanna have fun, come along with me.

THERESA GABRIELLE: The contradiction to "Slow Poke."

MARION CAMPBELL:

For anyone merrier you'll have to look far

When down in the street comes the sound of his car.

SHIRLEY BLIGH:

If you're down in the dumps
And your spirits need a mend
In 408 you'll find a friend.

JACKIE TURRENE: And now I'm all alone playing "Solitaire."

ANNE COCKERILL: And so to sleep again—as if she'll ever sleep again.

JUNE O'HORI: A little late in coming to St. B. but better late than never.

CATHERINE BURTON: The memory of you will linger as years go by.

JOYCE WRIGHT: "Did someone say she's always smiling?"

"That's Wright."

ELAINE WEST:

North, South, East or West
When it comes to nursing
She's one of the best.

JERRY STEWART: I'm tired and weary but I must toil on.

ALINA MALATYNSKA:

I walked in with a smile,
I walked out with a tear.
Langevin is over—no more fear.

ANNA SMITS: Her thoughts are ever wending home.

BECAUSE OF THE SHORTAGE OF
PAPER —

Mch hs bn writn abt ifrmd splng as a svr of spc, pssbly ths wld b a gd pln, bt it wld b a bttr pln if it we crdd frthr. If a systm of abbrvtns wr adpt, as mch as 40 pct of spc cld b svd. It wldn't b so hrd as u mght thnk. U cn rd ths, can't u?

THINGS THAT TURN NURSES GREY

Wearing hair nets.
Getting in by 10:30 p.m.
Keeping uniforms respectable.
Specialing the special nurses.
Prunes and cheese for breakfast.
Room inspection every week.
Roll Call at 6:45 a.m.
Waiting for a phone call.

NURSES' 23rd PSALM

The poor are our patients. They shall not want. We maketh them to lie down in warm blankets and feedeth them through glass tubes. We restoreth their pulse. We leadeth them to the nursery to see their namesakes. Yea, though they walk in their sleep and fall out of bed, they feeleth no pain, for we are with them, our hope and our care will comfort them.

We prepareth trays for them. In the presence of our doctors we anoint their bedsores with oil. Kidney basins runneth over.

Surely bed-pans and groans will follow us all the days of our life and we shall dwell in our uniforms forever.

HOSPITAL BED

The pneumonia jacket and the gown
Are made of sandpaper, but the pillows
Are shingled with genuine asbestos.
The rubber drawsheet draws my flesh
And the hot water bottle is filled
With the mildly warm tea I never drink.

My doctor says I must have complete rest

How? I'm plastered (mustard), X-rayed, painted,

Drugged and scalpeled, aspirated . . .
I'm thoroughly exasperated.



"Okay, stop clowning!... **SOMEBODY** in this room is the patient!"

A woman sent a dinner invitation to a physician and received an absolutely illegible letter in reply. To find out whether the invitation was accepted or refused, the lady's husband agreed to take the letter to their druggist, who, he told his wife, could always read a doctor's handwriting.

The man handed the note to the druggist, who looked at the slip of paper, went inside and returned a few minutes later with a bottle.

"There you are, sir," he said, "That will be a dollar-ninety."

* * *

HUMOR

Give me a sense of humour, Lord.
Give me the grace to see a joke,
To get some happiness from life
And pass it on to other folk.

At a mental hospital one of the newer members of the psychiatric staff was accosted by a patient.

"We like you better than the last doctor who was here."

The psychiatrist was elated: "I'm glad to hear it."

"Yeah," continued the patient, "You're more like one of us."

* * *

Before I heard the doctors tell
The dangers of a kiss,
I had considered kissing you
The nearest thing to bliss.
But now I know Biology
And sit and sigh and moan,
Six million mad bacteria—
And I thought we were alone.

YOU CAN'T HURT MY FEELINGS

I am happy and gay
The whole livelong day,
My disposition is sunny;
You can treat me like dirt
And my feelings aren't hurt,
I simply regard it as funny.

I'm truly delightful
I'm not mean or spiteful
You can't make me mad or provoke me;
I'm not easy to rile
If you kick me I smile
And I sing "La la! la!" if you choke me.

If you step on my glasses
Or burn my free passes
I laugh till I can't hardly see;
When my grammar's corrected
I say, "As I suspected!
There's nobody worser than me!"

If I'm standing in line
I say, "My ain't this fine!
We still have one hour to wait."
If my head's in a vise
I say, "My ain't this nice!
I must say this pressure feels great!"

Yes, I'm blithe! I am gay!
I am happy all day
And anyone can, if he chooses,
Be exactly like me—
Happy, carefree,
Unruffled, and covered with bruises.

* * *

ATTENTION, FIRST AIDERS

Lady, if you see me lying
On the ground and maybe dying,
Let me go. Run bright and free;
While there's life there's hope, so pet—
Don't apply a tourniquet.
Do not give for my salvation,
"Artificial respiration."
Do not stretch my bones and joints,
Do not press my pressure points.
If queer symptoms you should see,
Don't experiment on me.

If I am suffering from shock—
Take a walk around the block.
If you must keep busy, pray;
Help to keep the crowds away.
So whatever my condition,
Phone at once for a physician.
Let me lie, I'll take a chance
Waiting for the ambulance.
From first aid I beg release,
Lady, let me die in peace.

* * *

A NURSE'S CAPPING

Our daughter took a step to-day
Her first is eighteen years away
But still aken.

To this proud moment when she stands
A lighted taper in her hands,
Her prize, a cap.

It rests upon her head with grace,
She wears it with illumined face,
This nurse's crown.

Her mind must gain much knowledge
still,
Her hands develop strength and skill
To do her tasks.

But oh, dear Lord, please let her keep
The light that lies, so warm, so deep,
Within her eyes.

It speaks of love towards all mankind,
A love that reaches out to find
A way to serve.

My chest feels strange — too big, too
small;
Or is it my heart to blame for all
These symptoms odd?

I wonder why I feel this way—
Our daughter took a step today,
Could that be why?

* * *

If the person who stole the jar of
alcohol from the "Lab" in the basement
on the night of the Christmas Party
will return Grandma's appendix, no
questions will be asked.

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"No," came the answer, "not the slightest trace of it, but here is a medical book with a whole chapter on nervous disorders. I'd suggest you take it, read it, pick out an ailment you'd like to have, and then start working on it."

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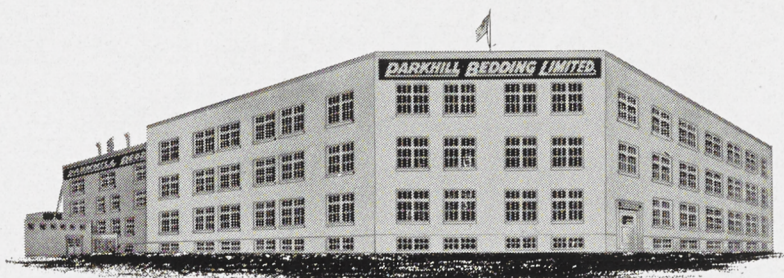
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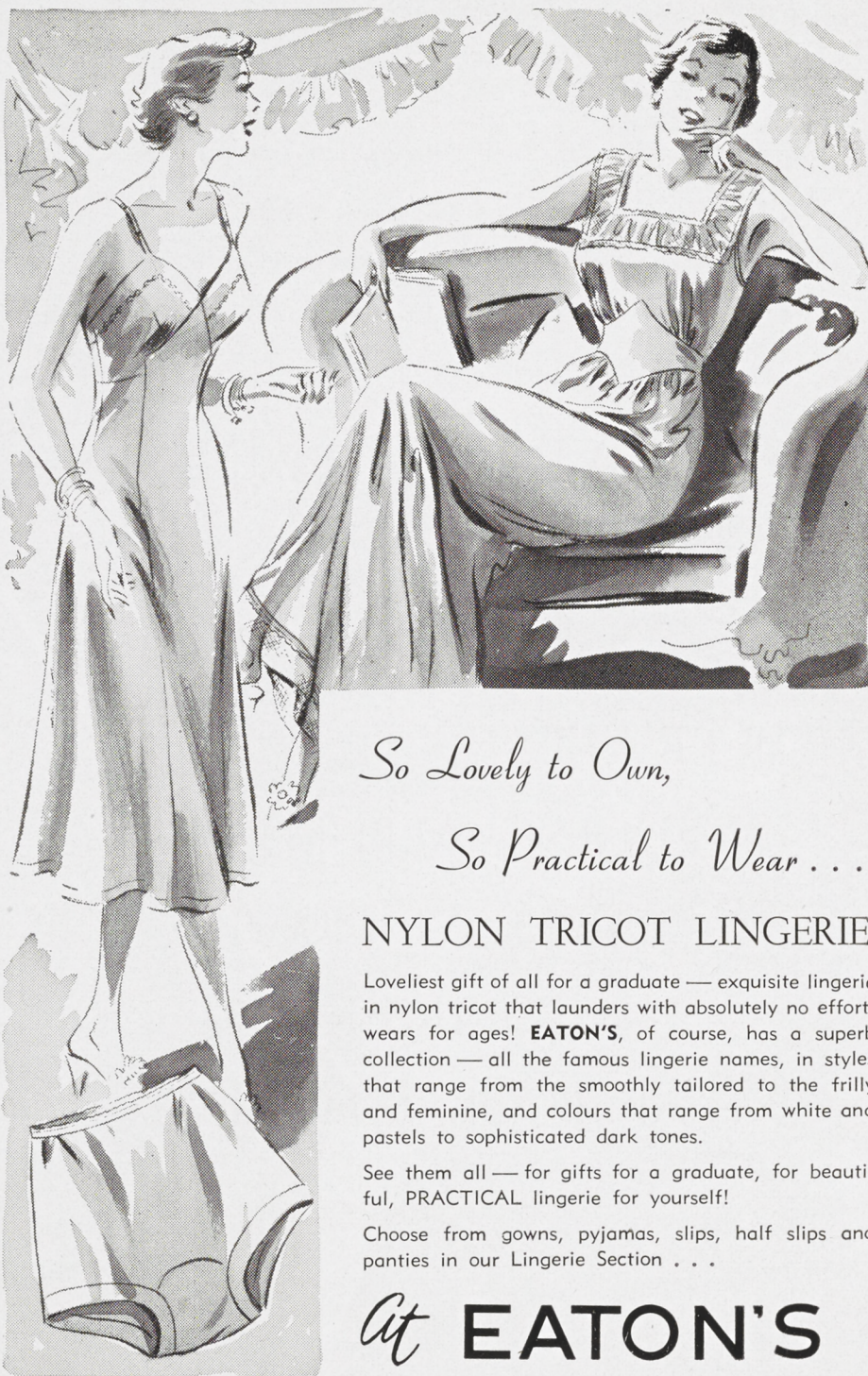
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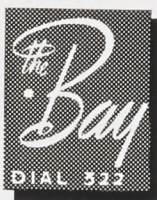
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You Mustn't Quit

*When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must—but never quit!*

*Life is queer, with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won if he'd stuck it out;
Stick to your task, though the pace seems slow—
You may succeed with one more blow.*

*Success is failure turned inside out—
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt—
And you can never tell how close you are,
It may be near or it may be afar;
So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit—
It's when things seem worst that you musn't quit.*



